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The Child-lore Dramatic Reader

Catherine Turner Bryce

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THE CHILD-LORE DRAMATIC READER

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THE CHILD-LORE DRAMATIC READER

BY

CATHERINE T. BRYCE

SUPERVISOR OF PRIMARY SCHOOLS, NEWTON, MASS.

NEW YORK
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS
1908

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INTRODUCTION.

THE title of this book—The Child-Lore Dramatic Reader—is descriptive of its contents and character. It is made up of stories, fables and rhymes, known and loved by children of many generations and of many lands. These stories are developed entirely through dialogue and so arranged that they may be easily and effectively dramatized.

This book is not an experiment; it is the result of experiment. Every story has grown into the form in which it is here presented through use in the class-room. The stories have been told by the teacher; they have been dramatized, read and retold by the children. If taken in order, the lessons will be found to be carefully graded. In the beginning, repetition stories predominate. These stories are always popular with children, and the frequent repetitions facilitate the mastery of difficult words and expressions. Every story is read-

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ily dramatized by the children without accessories other than such as may be found in any school-room. Detailed suggestions regarding their dramatization are given at the back of the book.

The book is primarily a Reader, only incidentally a guide to school-room drama. Dramatizing in itself is, indeed, an exercise of no little educational value to children; this value is in no way lessened, however, but really enhanced, by making the dramatizing serve the reading. A story which the children have dramatized, or a story which they anticipate dramatizing, becomes to them as they read a vivid reality. Each one sees and feels every event and incident; each one becomes, in his own consciousness, an actor in the unfolding drama. In this attitude, and only in this attitude, can the child read with full intelligence, with complete comprehension, with adequate expression.

It is not necessary that all the stories be dramatized. Once having started this dramatization, however, pupils nor teacher will hardly be content to leave a story with the mere reading. It is suggested that the first stories be told by the teacher, then dramatized and finally read by the children.

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Their reading will at once show the vivifying effects of the dramatizing. After the first two or three stories, the pupils may read the story, then dramatize it. The stories may then be reread, if desired.

In the dramatizing it is not necessary, not desirable, that the children use the exact words of the text. Let them but enter into the spirit of the chief events, let them really become the actors whom they personate, and they will find suitable words without memorizing them. Such memorizing of words should be discouraged, prevented even; it is incompatible with the spirit, which is essential. Not finished, but spontaneous productions are most valuable.

F. E. SPAULDING.

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THE CHILD-LORE DRAMATIC READER.

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BILLY BOB-TAIL.

Billy Bob-tail: I am a poor boy. I have no home and no friends. I will go out into the world and seek my fortune.

Cat: Mew, mew! Where are you going, Billy Bob-tail?

Billy Bob-tail: I'm going out to seek my fortune.

Cat: May I go too?

Billy Bob-tail: No. Who wants to be followed by a cat?

Cat: Oh, please take me, Billy Bob-tail. I have no home.

Billy Bob-tail: Well, come on then, poor little pussy.

Dog: Bow-wow! Where are you going, Billy Bob-tail?

Billy Bob-tail: I'm going out to seek my fortune.

Dog: May I go with you?

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Billy Bob-tail: No. Who wants to be followed by a dog?

Dog: Oh, please take me, Billy Bob-tail. My master is going to kill me because I am so old.

Billy Bob-tail: You poor thing! Come with me and I'll take care of you.

Cow: Moo, moo! Where are you going, Billy Bob-tail?

Billy Bob-tail: I'm going out to seek my fortune.

Cow: May I go with you?

Billy Bob-tail: No. Who ever heard of any one going out to seek his fortune with a cow at his heels!

Cow: Please take me, Billy Bob-tail. My master has sold my little calf and I am all alone in the world.

Billy Bob-tail: Well, come on then, you poor cow.

Goat: Baa, baa! Where are you going, Billy Bob-tail?

Billy Bob-tail: I am going out to seek my fortune.

Goat: May I go too?

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Billy Bob-tail: No. Who ever heard of a goat going out to seek his fortune?

Goat: Please take me, Billy Bob-tail. I may be able to help you.

Billy Bob-tail: Well, I have taken so many, I may as well take you too. Come on.

Pig: Wee, wee! Where are you going, Billy Bob-tail?

Billy Bob-tail: I am going out to seek my fortune.

Pig: May I go too?

Billy Bob-tail:—Ha! ha! ha! How everybody would laugh to see me seeking my fortune with a pig!

Pig: Please take me, Billy Bob-tail. If you don't, the butcher will kill me to-morrow.

Billy Bob-tail: Poor little pig! I can't leave you for the butcher to kill. You may come too.

My friends, do you see that deep, dark forest just ahead of us? We must go through it. But don't you be afraid. If anything tries to hurt us, I can whistle and throw stones.

Cat: I can mew and scratch.

Dog: I can bark and bite.

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Cow: I can moo and hook.

Goat: I can bleat and butt.

Pig: I can squeal and bite.

Billy Bob-tail: We are all right. Come on. Hush! What is that rustling I hear? Did you hear that deep growl? It is some savage animal. Make all the noise you can, while I whistle. (*Whistles.*)

All together.
- *Cat:* Mew, mew, mew!
- *Dog:* Bow, wow, wow!
- *Cow:* Moo, moo, moo!
- *Goat:* Baa, baa, baa!
- *Pig:* Wee, wee, wee!

Billy Bob-tail: There, we have frightened him. See him run! I am so glad I let you all come with me.

Do you see that little house just before us? Let us go in and spend the night.

Dog: No, no, Billy Bob-tail. Remember the savage animal we just met in the forest. He may live there.

Billy Bob-tail: That's so. How can we find out?

Cat: On my soft paws I can creep up without making any noise, and with my green eyes I

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can see in the dark. I will creep up and peep through the window.

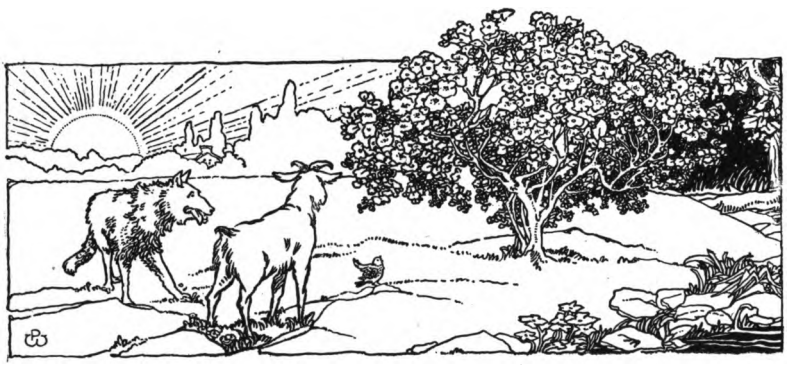
Billy Bob-tail: What do you see, little cat?

Cat: There is no one there. It looks as though no one had ever lived there.

Billy Bob-tail: Then we will go in and live here always. This is our fortune.



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THE SPARROW AND THE BUSH.

Sparrow: Please, give me a swing.

Bush: Why should I give you a swing?

Sparrow: You said you would, if I sang to you.

Bush: Well, I won't.

Sparrow: Goat, goat, nibble bush. Bush won't give me a swing as she said she would.

Goat: I won't nibble the bush.

Bush: I won't give sparrow a swing.

Sparrow: Wolf, wolf, eat goat. Goat won't nibble bush. Bush won't give me a swing as she said she would.

Wolf: I won't eat the goat.

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Goat: I won't nibble the bush.

Bush: I won't give sparrow a swing.

Sparrow: Man, man, kill wolf. Wolf won't eat goat. Goat won't nibble bush. Bush won't give me a swing as she said she would.

Man: I won't kill the wolf.

Wolf: I won't eat the goat.

Goat: I won't nibble the bush.

Bush: I won't give sparrow a swing.

Sparrow: Fire, fire, burn man. Man won't kill wolf. Wolf won't eat goat. Goat won't nibble bush. Bush won't give me a swing as she said she would.

Fire: I won't burn the man.

Man: I won't kill the wolf.

Wolf: I won't eat the goat.

Goat: I won't nibble the bush.

Bush: I won't give sparrow a swing.

Sparrow: Water, water, quench fire. Fire won't burn man. Man won't kill wolf. Wolf won't eat goat. Goat won't nibble bush. Bush won't give me a swing as she said she would.

Water: I won't quench the fire.

Fire: I won't burn the man.

Man: I won't kill the wolf.

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Wolf: I won't eat the goat.

Goat: I won't nibble the bush.

Bush: I won't give sparrow a swing.

Sparrow: Ox, ox, drink water. Water won't quench fire. Fire won't burn man. Man won't kill wolf. Wolf won't eat goat. Goat won't nibble bush. Bush won't give me a swing as she said she would.

Ox: I won't drink the water.

Water: I won't quench the fire.

Fire: I won't burn the man.

Man: I won't kill the wolf.

Wolf: I won't eat the goat.

Goat: I won't nibble the bush.

Bush: I won't give sparrow a swing.

Sparrow: Stick, stick, beat ox. Ox wont drink water. Water won't quench fire. Fire won't burn man. Man won't kill wolf. Wolf won't eat goat. Goat won't nibble bush. Bush won't give me a swing as she said she would.

Stick: I won't beat the ox.

Ox: I won't drink the water.

Water: I won't quench the fire.

Fire: I won't burn the man.

Man: I won't kill the wolf.

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Wolf: I won't eat the goat.

Goat: I won't nibble the bush.

Bush: I won't give sparrow a swing

Sparrow: Worm, worm, gnaw stick. Stick won't beat ox. Ox won't drink water. Water won't quench fire. Fire won't burn man. Man won't kill wolf. Wolf won't eat goat. Goat won't nibble bush. Bush won't give me a swing as she said she would.

Worm: Yes, little sparrow, I will gnaw the stick.

Stick: No, no, don't gnaw me. I will beat the ox.

Ox: Please do not beat me, stick. I will drink the water.

Water: Ox, ox, do not drink me. I will quench the fire.

Fire: Oh, do not quench me, water. I will burn the man.

Man: Do not burn me, fire. I will kill the wolf.

Wolf: Please, man, do not kill me. I will eat the goat.

Goat: Oh, no, wolf. Do not eat me. I will nibble the bush.

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Bush: No, no, goat, do not nibble me. I will give sparrow a swing as I said I would.

Come, little sparrow, come.
Swing away, swing away, swing!
Little daddy sparrow, swing and sing.



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WHAT WAS IN WHITE HEN'S NEST.

Mrs. White Hen: I have been sitting in this nest for a long time. I am tired and hungry. I will go into the barnyard and get something to eat. How good this corn tastes! Now, I shall take a drink of water and hurry back to my nest.

Oh! What is that in my nest? It is big and white! What can it be! I will run and tell Mrs. Brown Duck.

Mrs. Brown Duck: Good morning, Mrs. White Hen.

Mrs. White Hen: Oh, Mrs. Brown Duck! There is something in my nest and it's big and white! What do you suppose it is?

Mrs. Brown Duck: I'm sure I don't know. Let us run and tell Mrs. Gray Goose. She may know.

Mrs. Gray Goose: Good morning, Mrs. White Hen; good morning, Mrs. Brown Duck.

Mrs. White Hen: Oh, Mrs. Gray Goose! There is something in my nest and it's big and white! What do you suppose it is?

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Mrs. Gray Goose: I'm sure I don't know. Let us run and tell Mr. Wise Owl. He knows everything.

Mrs. White Hen: Where does Mr. Wise Owl live?

Mrs. Gray Goose: In the hollow tree in the orchard.

Mrs. Brown Duck: But he will be asleep. You know owls always sleep in the day time.

Mrs. White Hen: Let us stand here at the foot of the tree and call.

Mrs. White Hen:
Mrs. Brown Duck:
Mrs. Gray Goose:
} Mr. Owl! Mr. Owl! Wake up! Wake up!

Mr. Wise Owl: Whoo! Whoo! Who calls?

Mrs. White Hen: It is Mrs. White Hen, Mrs. Brown Duck and Mrs. Gray Goose.

Mr. Wise Owl (coming out of his hollow tree): This bright sun makes me wink and blink. What do you want?

Mrs. White Hen: Oh, Mr. Wise Owl, there is something in my nest and it's big and white! What do you suppose it is?

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Mr. Wise Owl: Let me think! I have thought four minutes and I do not know what it is. Let us go and see. Where is your nest?

Mrs. White Hen: There is my nest in that big box.

Mr. Wise Owl: You stand here while I call. Whoo! Whoo! Who is in Mrs. White Hen's nest?

Kitty: Mew, mew, mew.

Mrs. Gray Goose: Why, it's only a kitty.

Mrs. White Hen: Why, I know that kitty. It is Jack's white kitten.

Mrs. Brown Duck: Of course you know that kitty.

Mr. Wise Owl: Only a kitty,
What a pity!

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MRS. WHITE HEN'S MISTAKE.



Mrs. Brown Duck: Good-morning, Mrs. White Hen. Where are you going so fast?

Mrs. White Hen: I am running to the barn to hide. Something dreadful has happened.

Mrs. Brown Duck: What has happened. Mrs. White Hen? Do tell me.

Mrs. White Hen: Oh, Mrs. Brown Duck, the sun has fallen from the sky.

Mrs. Brown Duck: What makes you think so, Mrs. White Hen?

Mrs. White Hen: Why, I saw it in the pond when I went to get a drink.

Mrs. Brown Duck: How awful! I will go with you. Let's hurry.

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Mrs. Gray Goose: Good-morning, Mrs. Brown Duck. Where are you going in such a hurry?

Mrs. Brown Duck: Oh, Mrs. Gray Goose, something awful has happened! The sun has fallen from the sky.

Mrs. Gray Goose: How do you know that, Mrs. Brown Duck?

Mrs. Brown Duck: Mrs. White Hen told me.

Mrs. Gray Goose: How do you know, Mrs. White Hen?

Mrs. White Hen: Oh, I saw it in the pond when I went to get a drink.

Mrs. Gray Goose: Oh, dear! oh, dear! What shall I do? I am so frightened!

Mrs. Brown Duck: Come with us. We are going to the barn to hide.

Mrs. Gray Goose: No, let us go and tell Mr. Wise Owl about it. He will know the best thing for us to do.

Mrs. White Hen: Yes, let us go at once.

Mrs. Brown Duck: Here is his hollow tree. Let us all call together.

Mrs. White Hen:
Mrs. Brown Duck:
Mrs. Gray Goose:
} Oh, Mr. Wise Owl, wake up!

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Mr. Wise Owl: Whoo! Whoo! Who dares wake me? Go away!

Mrs. Gray Goose: Do wake up, Mr. Wise Owl. Something dreadful has happened.

Mr. Wise Owl: Well, what has happened? Tell me quickly; I am so sleepy.

Mrs. Gray Goose: Oh, Mr. Owl, what shall we do? The sun has fallen from the sky. Mrs. White Hen saw it in the water when she went to get a drink.

Mr. Wise Owl: You silly creatures! Look up into the sky.

Mrs. Brown Duck: Why, there's the sun!

Mrs. White Hen: How did it get there? I just saw it in the pond.

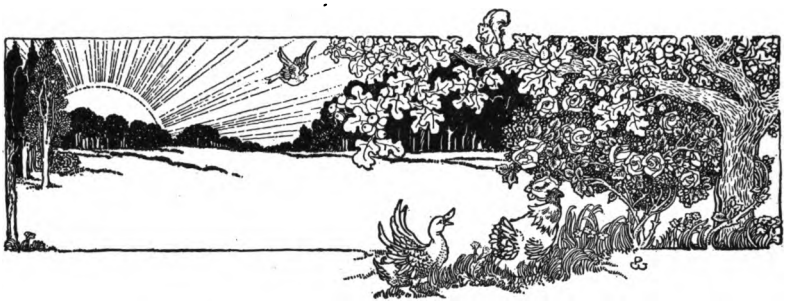
Mr. Wise Owl: Well, go back to the pond and you'll see it there still.

Mrs. Gray Goose: What! Are there two suns, one in the sky and one in the pond?

Mr. Wise Owl: Two suns! There is one sun in the sky, and you can see it in every pond.

Mrs. White Hen:
Mrs. Brown Duck:
Mrs. Gray Goose:
} If we were all owls,
We'd be wiser fowls.

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HOW MRS. WHITE HEN HELPED ROSE.

Sun: Dear Rose, why do you droop so this bright morning? Other mornings you look up and smile in my face. To-day you droop and sigh.

Rose: Should I not sigh? An ugly worm is eating my leaves and he won't crawl away. So I will smile no more.

Sun: Then I will hide behind this cloud and shine no more.

Wind: Oh, sun, why do you hide behind the cloud, and why are you not shining?

Sun: Ah, me! Dear Rose is so unhappy! An ugly worm is eating her leaves and he won't crawl away. So I will shine no more until Rose smiles again.

Wind: Then I will blow no more.

Bird: Oh, Wind, why do you blow no more?

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Wind: Ah, me! Dear Rose is so unhappy! An ugly worm is eating her leaves and he won't crawl away. So Sun will shine no more, and I will blow no more until Rose smiles again.

Bird: I am sorry for Rose, too; so I will fly to my nest in the oak tree and sing no more until she is happy.

Oak Tree: Sweet Bird, why do you fly to your nest? It is not yet night. Why do you stop singing?

Bird: Ah, me! Dear Rose is so unhappy! An ugly worm is eating her leaves and he won't crawl away. So Sun will shine no more, Wind will blow no more, and I will sing no more until Rose smiles again.

Oak Tree: Poor Rose! How sorry I am! I will drop no more acorns until Rose is happy.

Squirrel: Friend Tree, please drop down some acorns for me.

Oak Tree: No, no, little Squirrel, I will drop no more acorns for you.

Squirrel: Why not, kind Tree?

Oak Tree: Ah, me! Dear Rose is so unhappy! An ugly worm is eating her leaves and he won't crawl away. So Sun will shine no

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more, Wind will blow no more, Bird will sing no more, and I will drop no more acorns until Rose smiles again.

Squirrel: How sorry I am for sweet Rose! I will gather no more acorns until Rose is happy.

Duck: Why are you not working to-day, Mr. Squirrel.

Squirrel: Ah, me! Dear Rose is so unhappy! An ugly worm is eating her leaves and he won't crawl away. So Sun will shine no more, Wind will blow no more, Bird will sing no more, Tree will drop no more acorns, and I will work no more until Rose smiles again.

Duck: How very sad! I was just going to the pond, but I will swim no more until Rose is happy.

Mrs. White Hen: Why are you not swimming, Mrs. Duck?

Mrs. Duck: Ah, me! Dear Rose is so unhappy! An ugly worm is eating her leaves and he won't crawl away. So Sun will shine no more, Wind will blow no more, Bird will sing no more, Tree will drop no more acorns, Squirrel will work no more, and I will swim no more until Rose smiles again.

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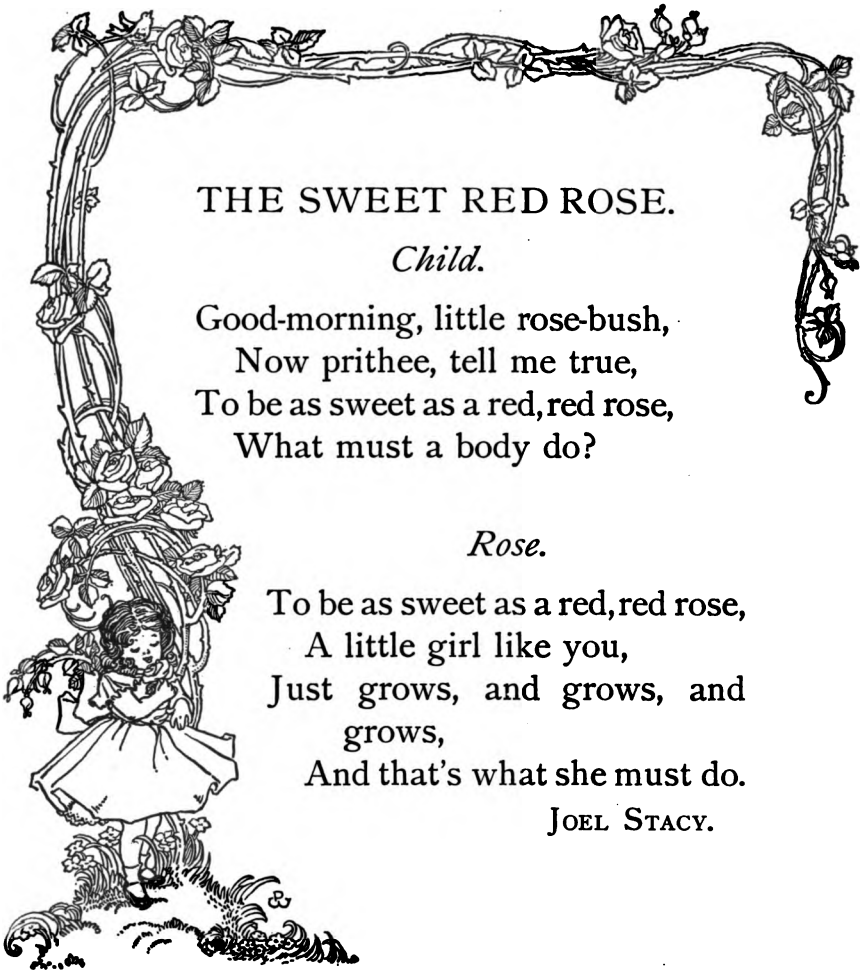
Mrs. White Hen: I am very sorry for Rose, but I think I can help her. Let me see! Yes, there is the worm under the big green leaf. What a fat worm he is! Snap! Swallow! There, I have eaten him! What a fine breakfast for me! And see! Rose is smiling again for there is no ugly worm to eat her leaves.

Bird: Why didn't I think to eat that worm!

Duck: I wish I had eaten him myself. I just like nice, fat worms for breakfast.

Sun: Well, Rose is smiling again, so let us all get back to work. Mrs. White Hen is wiser than any of us. We never can help others by stopping our own work.

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THE SWEET RED ROSE.

Child.

Good-morning, little rose-bush,
Now prithee, tell me true,
To be as sweet as a red, red rose,
What must a body do?

Rose.

To be as sweet as a red, red rose,
A little girl like you,
Just grows, and grows, and grows,
And that's what she must do.

JOEL STACY.

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WHEN THE SUN RISES.



Owl: What a lovely dark night this is, friends!



Bat: Yes, how good it seems to have the bright light of the sun put out!



Mole: Yes, indeed! I just hate the sunlight.



Firefly: So do I; I hate the day and love the night.

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Jack-o'-lantern: My brothers, the Firefly and the Glowworm, and I give all the light anybody needs.

Glowworm: You are right, my brother. The sun may as well hide himself forever. We give much better light.

Firefly: Indeed we do. No one gets a pain in his eyes looking at us.

Owl: I agree with you. The sun shines too strong. I hate him. He makes me wink and blink.

Bat: Yes, and there is always so much noise in the forest when he rises. All the birds begin to chirp and chatter. It quite makes my head ache.

Mole: I wish he would stay away all the time.

Firefly: My brothers and I hate the sun so much that we never shine when he is out. We shine only at night.

Mole: We should certainly be better off without the sun. Suppose we frighten him away when he tries to peep over the tree-tops in the forest.

All: Good! Good!

Owl: I will do my part. The minute I see

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him I will screech as loud as I can. That ought to frighten him.

Firefly: Jack-o'-lantern, Glowworm and I will shine so brightly that the sun's light cannot be seen. Will we not, my brothers?

Jack-o'-lantern: } Indeed we will!
Glowworm: }

Mole: And I will throw up a sandhill so high that he will never be able to see over the top of it.

Bat: I will spread my wings so that they will cut off every ray of light he tries to send to the earth.

Owl: I tell you, things will be different in this forest after to-night. No more bright sun to hurt one's eyes! No more screaming of birds when the sun rises.

Mole: Look! Look! What is that red light back of the trees?

Bat: The sun, the sun, he is trying to rise right now! Frighten him, brother Owl! Screech as loud as you can!

Owl: Whoo! Whoo! Whoo! Whoo! Whoo! Whoo!

Mole: Shine, Firefly! shine, Jack-o'-lantern! shine, Glowworm! Shine with all your might!

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Jack-o'-lantern: We are shining as hard as ever we can.

Mole: But the sun is growing brighter every minute! You must shine harder!

Jack-o'-lantern: I can't shine brighter. I'm doing my very best!

Firefly: } Oh, my light is going out!
Glowworm: }

Owl: Listen! the birds are beginning to sing. My throat is sore with screeching so loud. The sun may shine for all I care. Good-by, I am off to my hollow tree. I will meet you here this evening when the sun has gone down.

Bat: I will fly away, too, if my poor wings will carry me. I have stretched them out so long, they just ache. Good-bye, little Mole.

Mole: Good-bye, Friend Bat. We've frightened that sun enough for once. I will crawl into my hole till night comes.

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THE GOATS IN THE TURNIP FIELD.

Little Boy: Oh, dear! Oh, dear! What shall I do? My goats are in the turnip field. I have chased them round and round but I cannot get them out. Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Oh, dear! (*Cries.*)

Rabbit: Why are you crying, little boy?

Little Boy: I'm crying because my goats are in the turnip field and I cannot get them out.

Rabbit: I'll get them out for you, little boy.

Little Boy: Oh, thank you, I'll wait here for you.

Rabbit: Here I am back. I have chased your goats round and round till I am tired and I cannot get them out of that turnip field. It just makes me cry too. (*Cries.*)

Fox: Why are you crying little rabbit?

Rabbit: I'm crying because the boy is crying, and the boy is crying because his goats are in the turnip field and he can't get them out.

Fox: I'll get them out for you.

Little Boy: } Oh, thank you, Mr. Fox. We
Rabbit: } will wait here for you.

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Fox: Here I am back again. I have chased your goats round and round that turnip field and I cannot get them out. I am so sorry for you, little rabbit, that I will cry too. (*Cries.*)

Wolf: Why are you crying, Mr. Fox?

Fox: I'm crying because the rabbit is crying, and the rabbit is crying because the little boy is crying, and the little boy is crying because his goats are in the turnip field and he can't get them out.

Wolf: I'll soon get them out for you.

Little Boy:
Rabbit:
Fox: } Oh, thank you, Mr. Wolf. We will wait here for you.

Wolf: Here I am back again. I chased those goats round and round and round, and I cannot get them out. But I am so sorry for you, brother Fox, that I will cry too. *(Cries.)*

Bee: Why are you crying, Mr. Wolf?

Wolf: I'm crying because the fox is crying, and the fox is crying because the rabbit is crying, and the rabbit is crying because the little boy is crying, and the little boy is crying because his

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goats are in the turnip field and he can't get them out.

Bee: Let me try to get them out for you.

Little Boy:
Rabbit:
Fox:
Wolf:
} Ha! Ha! Ha! You get them out! If we couldn't drive them out, how can a silly little bee do it? Ha! Ha! Ha!

Bee: I know I am little but I can try.

Little Boy: Look, look, see that goat run from the field! And the little bee only just touched him.

Rabbit: There, she has touched another and he has run from the field too.

Fox: And there goes the third! She has driven them all out.

Wolf: Who would have thought that a little bee could do such a thing!

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THE NORTH WIND AT PLAY.

North Wind: Father, I am tired of being shut up in this cave. Please let me go out and play a little while.

Eolus: My son, it is summer. You must wait for winter.

North Wind: Oh, father, please let me go—just for a little while.

Eolus: Well, you may go; but don't be gone long. Remember it is summer; do not blow too roughly.

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North Wind: I will be very careful, father. Good-bye.

Eolus: Good-bye, my son.

North Wind: Oo-oo-oo! Here I am out of that old cave. What shall I do? See that tall white lily. Hullo, Lily.

Lily: Good-morning, North Wind. Why are you blowing in the summer time?

North Wind: Oh, my father, Eolus, said I might come out and play for a little while. Come on, let's have a frolic!

Lily: No, I cannot play now. I must take care of my blossoms. They are just opening, you see.

North Wind: You won't play with me. Oo-oo-oo! Take that then! Oo-oo-oo-oo!

Lily: Ah, me! You blew too hard; you have broken my stalk. I am dying! Ah, me! Ah, me!

North Wind: Well, I don't care. You should have played with me. Now I shall ask some one else.

Hullo, old Apple Tree, come and play with me?

Apple Tree: No, North Wind, you know I cannot play until winter. Don't you see my branches are full of apples?

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North Wind: Oo-oo-oo; who cares for your apples! Take that! Oo-oo-oo-oo! And that! Oo-oo-oo-oo! And that! Oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo!

Apple Tree: Oh, dear! Oh, dear! You cruel Wind! You have blown all my apples to the ground. What shall I do! Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Oh, dear!

North Wind: Why didn't you play with me, then?

There is a field of grain just over the fence.

Hullo, Grain, come and play with me.

Grain: Play? Do you not see how busy I am getting ready for fall? No, indeed! I have no time to play.

North Wind: Well, if you won't play with me, I'll play with you. Take that! Oo-oo-oo! And that! Oo-oo-oo-oo!

Grain: Alas! Alas! You wicked Wind! You have blown me to the ground. I am dying. Alas! Alas!

Eolus: North Wind! North Wind! Come back to your cave! Come back this minute!

North Wind: What do you want, father?

Eolus: I want you! Farmer Jones has been to call on me. He says you have broken his

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tallest lily, blown the apples from his tree, and bent his grain to the ground. Why have you done this?

North Wind: I was only playing, father. I asked the lily to play with me and she wouldn't. So I just gave her a little shove. I did not mean to hurt her.

Eolus: But you killed her.

North Wind: Then I asked the apple tree to play with me and she wouldn't. So I gave her just a little shake.

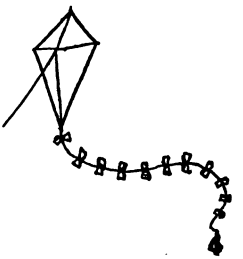
Eolus: But you shook every apple to the ground!

North Wind: Next I asked the grain to play—and it wouldn't. So I blew upon it—not very hard. I did not mean to hurt it.

Eolus: But you ruined it. Go into your cave! You are quite too rough to play out of doors in summer. Hereafter you will leave this cave only in winter. Then you may play and howl out of doors as much as you please.

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THE WIND.

First Child:

I saw you toss the kites on high
And blow the birds about the sky;
And all around I heard you pass,
Like ladies' skirts across the grass.

All:

O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song!



Second Child:

I saw the different things you did,
But always you yourself you hid.
I felt you push, I heard you call,
I could not see yourself at all.

All:

O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

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Third Child:

O you, that are so strong and cold,
O blower, are you young or old?
Are you a beast of field and tree,
Or just a stronger child than me?

All:

O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind that sings so loud a song!

—Robert Louis Stevenson.



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THE MARRIAGE OF WEE ROBIN.

Wee Robin: What a beautiful spring day this is! I feel so happy! I should like to make some one else happy. But what can I do? Oh, I know! I will fly to the king and sing a sweet song to him.

Gray Pussy: Good-morning, Wee Robin. Where are you flying so fast?

Wee Robin: Good-morning, Gray Pussy. I am flying to the king to sing him a song this glad spring morning.

Gray Pussy: Come here, Wee Robin, come here, and I will show you the pretty ribbon I have around my neck.

Wee Robin: No, no, Gray Pussy, no, no! I saw you kill the little mouse yesterday, but you shall not kill me. Good-bye.

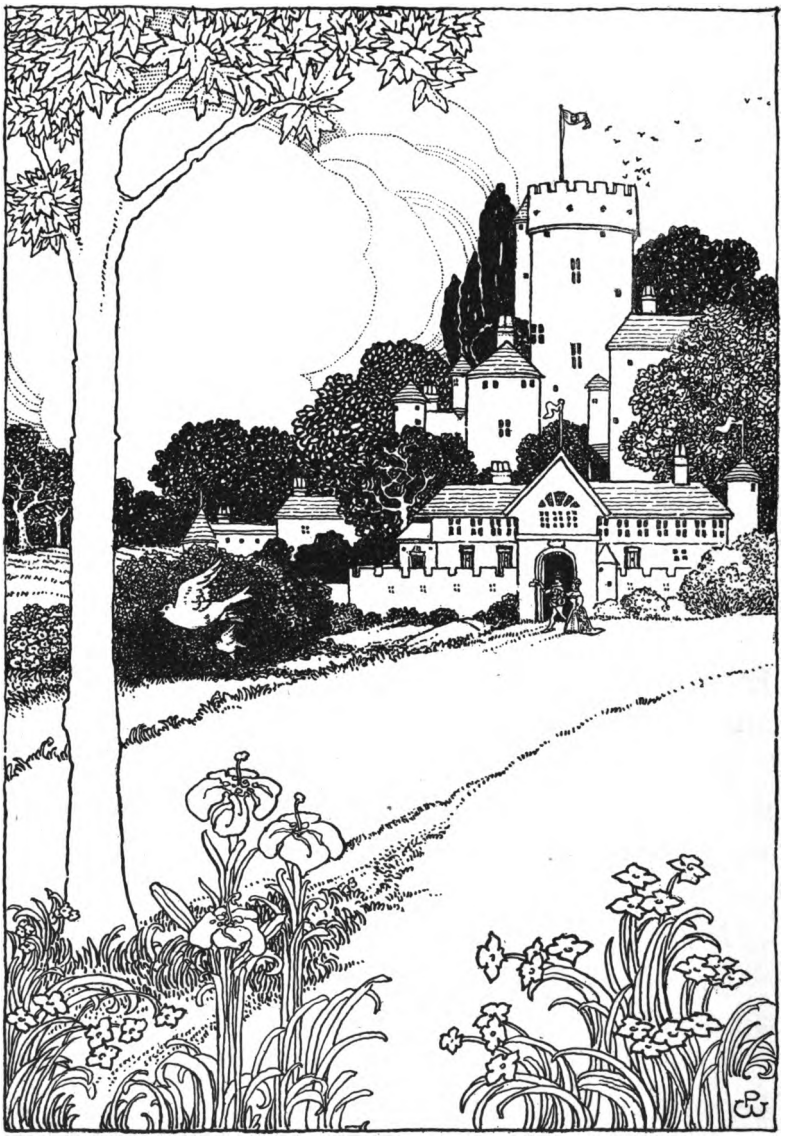
Greedy Hawk: Good-morning, Wee Robin.

Wee Robin: Good-morning, Greedy Hawk.

Greedy Hawk: Where are you going in such a hurry?

Wee Robin: I am flying to the king. I have a sweet song to sing to him.

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Greedy Hawk: Come here, Wee Robin, come here to me. I will show you a pretty white feather in my wing.

Wee Robin: No, no, Greedy Hawk, no, no! You can't fool me in that way. I saw you catch and kill the little sparrow yesterday, but you can't catch me. Good-bye, Greedy Hawk.

Sly Fox: Good-morning, Wee Robin. Stop and speak with me.

Wee Robin: I cannot stop now. I am on my way to the king to sing him a glad song this bright spring morning.

Sly Fox: Only just a minute, Wee Robin, come here. I want to show you the pretty white spot on my tail.

Wee Robin: No, no, Sly Fox, no, no! I saw you kill and eat a chicken yesterday, but you won't eat me. Good-bye, Sly Fox.

Here I am at the king's palace. I will fly to that tree and sing.

Cheer-up! cheer-up! cheer-up!

King: Do you hear that sweet song, my queen?

Queen: Yes, who is singing?

King: It is Wee Robin. How happy it makes me to hear him.

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Queen: Let us do something for Wee Robin to show him how much we like his song.

King: Good! What shall we do?

Queen: We will give him Jenny Wren to be his little wife.

King: Very good! Come here, Jenny Wren; come here, Wee Robin.

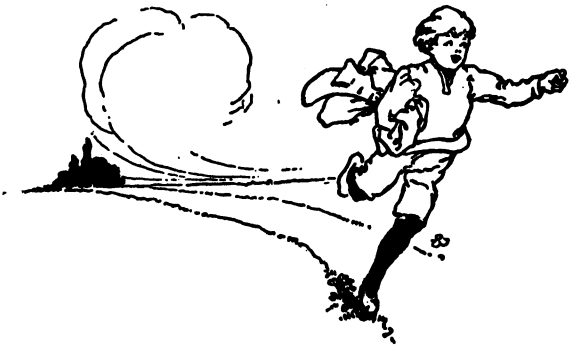
Queen: Jenny Wren, would you like to fly away with Wee Robin and be his dear little wife?

Jenny Wren: Yes, kind queen, indeed I would! He is so cheery and he has such a bright red vest. I will gladly be his wife.

King: Well, Wee Robin, here is a good little wife for you and our best thanks for your glad song.

Wee Robin: Thank you, kind king and beautiful queen. I just wanted a dear little wife to keep house for me. Come Jenny Wren, let us fly home. Good-bye, good-bye! Cheer-up, cheer-up!

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HOW OLAF GOT A NEW COAT.

Lamb: Why, Olaf, where is your coat?

Olaf: I have none. Mother says she can't make one until next winter.

Lamb: Then how fine you will look in your new coat!

Olaf: I shall have no new coat. The new one will be made for my biggest brother and I shall have an old one given to me. I never had a new coat in my life.

Lamb: That is too bad. I will help you, Olaf. Here is some of my wool. Take it and have a new coat made of it.

Olaf: Thank you, little Lamb. You are very kind.

Thorn Bush: What are you carrying, little boy?

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Olaf: It is some soft wool the lamb gave me for a new coat.

Thorn Bush: Give it to me. I will card it for you.

Olaf: How?

Thorn Bush: See, I will run my thorns back and forth through the wool. There, it is all carded for you.

Olaf: Thank you, Thorn Bush. I did not know you could do such fine work.

Spider: Give me your wool, Olaf. I will spin it into thread and weave it into cloth for you.

Olaf: Thank you, Spider.

Spider: There, it is done. And if I say it myself, it is as fine a piece of cloth as you will find in a day's journey. Now run with it to the brook and you will see what you will see.

Crab: What are you carrying, little boy?

Olaf: It is cloth to make me a fine, new coat.

Crab: Give it to me and I will cut it out for you.

Olaf: How can you cut it without scissors?

Crab: Scissors! Scissors, did you say? Just look at my two big claws. What are they but scissors, I should like to know. And sharp! If

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you want to find out how sharp they are, just put your little finger in.

Olaf: I think I don't care to try it. I believe what you say, Mrs. Crab.

Crab: There, your coat is all cut out, and in the very latest fashion.

Olaf: Thank you very much, Mrs. Crab. I do wish I knew some one to sew it for me. I suppose I shall have to wait until winter, for no one but mother can sew.

Bird: Who told you that? Give your cloth to me, and I will show you that I can sew as well as your mother.

Olaf: How can you sew, little Bird?

Bird: I'll show you. See, I take a long thread in my sharp bill. Then I fly back and forth with it. I use my bill just as I do when I make my nest.

There, your coat is made. It is as fine a coat as any one could wish.

Olaf: Thank you, little Bird.

Hurrah! Hurrah! I have a new coat. I must run home and show it to mother.

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JOHNNY CAKE.

PART I.

Mother: There, I have made a nice Johnny Cake for our breakfast and put it in the oven. Son, keep your eyes on the oven door, and don't let Johnny Cake burn.

Boy: No, Mother. I will see that Johnny Cake doesn't burn.

Mother: That's a good boy. Come, husband, are you ready to work?

Man: Yes, I'm ready. Let us hoe the flower bed while the Johnny Cake is baking.

Boy: I think I'll look out of the window for a while. What's that noise! The oven door has burst open! Oh, mother, father, Johnny Cake is running away!

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Man: Run after him. Run fast! Hurry! Run faster!

Mother: Oh, dear, I am so tired I must sit down and rest.

Man: I must rest, too.

Boy: And I cannot run another step.

Man: We shall never see that Johnny Cake again.

PART II.

First Ditch Digger: See that Johnny Cake running along the road!

Second Ditch Digger: He would make a good breakfast for us. Let us catch him.

First Ditch Digger: I will call to him. Hello, Johnny Cake. Where are you going?

Johnny Cake: I've just outrun an old man, an old woman and a little boy and I can outrun you, too.

Ditch Diggers: Can you? We'll see about that.

Johnny Cake: Catch me if you can.

First Ditch Digger: Run, run as fast as you can, my brother, we must catch Johnny Cake.

Second Ditch Digger: Oh! Oh! I am so tired

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chasing Johnny Cake. I can run no more. I must sit down here by the roadside to rest.

First Ditch Digger: And so must I. How fast that Johnny Cake runs! We can never catch him. We shall have to do without Johnny Cake for breakfast.

Part III.

Johnny Cake: There are two well diggers. I think I will speak to them. Hello, Well Diggers.

Well Diggers: Hello, Johnny Cake, where are you going?

Johnny Cake: I've outrun an old man, an old woman, a little boy and two ditch diggers and I can outrun you, too.

First Well Digger: You can, can you? We'll see about that.

Second Well Digger: Hurry brother! Run, run! We must catch that Johnny Cake for our breakfast.

First Well Digger: I am so tired. We have run so far and so fast.

Second Well Digger: So am I. Let us sit here by the roadside and rest.

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JOHNNY CAKE

PART IV.

Bear: I am so hungry! I wish I could get something for my breakfast. What is that running down the road? A Johnny Cake! Just what I want. I must catch it. Hello, Johnny Cake, where are you going?

Johnny Cake: I've just outrun an old man, an old woman, a little boy, two ditch diggers, and two well diggers and I can outrun you, too.

Bear: You can, can you? Well, I guess not, Johnny Cake. I'll be eating you in a minute.

Johnny Cake: You haven't caught me yet.

Bear: There, I'm so tired; I must stop and rest. Oh, how I wish I had that Johnny Cake!

PART V.

Johnny Cake: Whom shall I meet next? There is a hungry wolf just ahead. I wonder if he will chase me?

Wolf: Hello, Johnny Cake, where are you going?

Johnny Cake: I've just outrun an old man, an old woman, a little boy, two ditch diggers, two well diggers, a bear, and I can outrun you, too.

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Wolf: You can, can you? I'll see about that. I'll soon catch you.

Oh, how fast Johnny Cake runs! He is almost out of sight and I am so tired I must rest here by the roadside.

Part VI.

Johnny Cake: I am just beginning to feel tired, I have been chased so much. There is a sleepy old fox lying in the corner of that fence. He's too lazy to hurt me. I am not afraid of him.

Fox: Hello, Johnny Cake, where are you going.

Johnny Cake: I've outrun an old man, an old woman, a little boy, two ditch diggers, two well diggers, a bear and a wolf and I can outrun you, too.

Fox: Come a little nearer and speak a little louder, I can't hear you.

Johnny Cake: I've outrun an old man, an old woman, a little boy, two ditch diggers, two well diggers, a bear and a wolf and I will outrun you, too.

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Fox: Come a little nearer, I must be getting deaf.

Johnny Cake: I'VE OUTRUN AN OLD MAN, AN OLD WOMAN, A LITTLE BOY, TWO DITCH DIGGERS, TWO WELL DIGGERS, A BEAR AND A WOLF AND I CAN OUTRUN YOU, TOO.

Fox: (Springing up and catching Johnny Cake) Come with me to my den. You are just what I want for my breakfast. Ah, ha, Johnny Cake! You will never outrun anyone again.



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THE SICK DOLLY.

Mother: Come and see my dolly dear,
Doctor, she is ill, I fear;
Yesterday, do what I would,
She would touch no kind of food,
And she tosses, moans and cries;
Doctor, what would you advise?

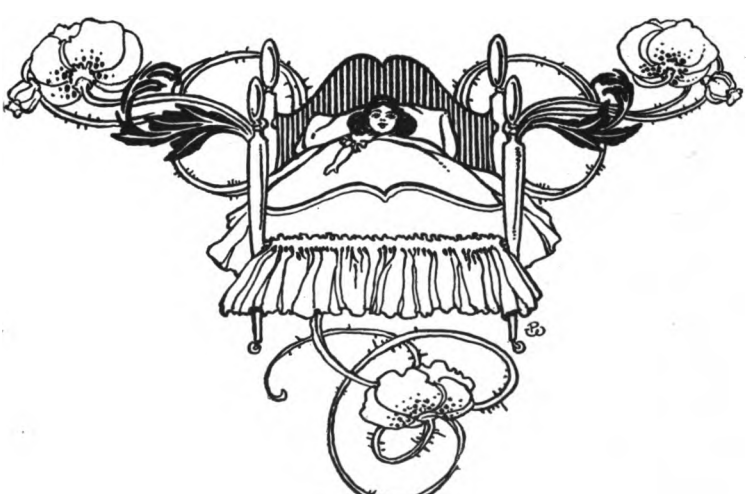
Doctor: Hum! ha! Good Madam,
Tell me pray,
What have you offered her to-day?
Ah, yes! I see,—a piece of cake,
The worst thing you could make her take.
But let me taste,—Yes, yes, I fear
Too many plums and currants here.
But stop! I must just taste again
For that will make the matter plain.

Mother: But, Doctor, with such pains you take
I see you've eaten all the cake.
I thank you kindly for your care,
But surely that was hardly fair.

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Doctor: Ah, dear me! Did I eat the cake?
Well, it was for dear baby's sake.
But keep her in her bed quite warm,
And you will see she'll take no harm.
At night and morning give once more,
Her pills and powders as before;
And she must not be overfed,
But she may have a piece of bread.
To-morrow then, I dare to say,
She'll be quite well. Good-day.

Mother: Good-day.



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THE RAT PRINCESS.

The Gray Rat.

Gray Rat: Oh, King Rat, I have come to ask a great gift of you.

King Rat: What do you wish, Gray Rat.

Gray Rat: Oh, King, pray give me your daughter, the Rat Princess, to be my wife.

King Rat: Give you my daughter, indeed! Do you not know you are a common gray rat and she is the most beautiful Rat Princess in the world?

Gray Rat: Indeed, I do, my King.

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King Rat: Then how dare you think of marrying her?

Gray Rat: Because I love her, Oh, King, and she loves me.

King Rat: What has that to do with it! My daughter is so beautiful that she must marry the most powerful person in the world. Marry a rat!

Gray Rat: And who is the most powerful person in the world?

King Rat: Why, the Sun, of course. I am going at once to see him and tell him the good news.

Gray Rat: Farewell, Oh, King. When you return to your home you may be wiser.

At the House of the Sun.

King Rat: Here I am at the Sun's house at last. And how tired I am! First I climbed the highest mountain I could find, then I ran up the rainbow.

Oh, Sun, I have traveled far to see you.

Sun: What do you want, little brother?

King Rat: I have come to tell you that you may marry my daughter, the beautiful Rat

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Princess, because you are the most powerful person in the world, and no one else is good enough for her.

Sun: How very kind you are, little brother! But I am not the most powerful person in the world.

King Rat: Then tell me who is.

Sun: That I do not know. But the cloud is more powerful than I. When he passes over me, I cannot shine.

King Rat: Then you cannot marry the beautiful Rat Princess. I shall travel on to the Cloud's house.

At the House of the Cloud.

King Rat: Oh, Cloud, I have traveled far to see you.

Cloud: What do you want, little brother?

King Rat: I have come to tell you that you may marry my daughter, the beautiful Rat Princess, because you are the most powerful person in the world, and no one else is good enough for her.

Cloud: You are most kind, little brother. But I am not the most powerful person in the world.

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King Rat: Then can you tell me who is?

Cloud: That I do not know. But I do know that the Wind is more powerful than I. When he blows, I have to go wherever he sends me.

King Rat: Then you cannot marry my daughter. I shall go at once to the home of the Wind.

At the House of the Wind.

King Rat: Oh, Wind, I have traveled far to see you.

Wind: What do you want, little brother?

King Rat: I have come to tell you that you may marry my daughter, the beautiful Rat Princess, because you are the most powerful person in the world, and no one else is good enough for her.

Wind: Ah, no, little brother, I am not the most powerful person in the world.

King Rat: Then do tell me who is.

Wind: That I do not know. But the Stone Wall is more powerful than I, for with all my blowing, I cannot make him move.

King Rat: Then you cannot marry my daughter, the Rat Princess. I will travel down to see the Stone Wall. It is near my home.

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The Stone Wall.

King Rat: Oh, Stone Wall, I have good news for you.

Stone Wall: What do you want, little brother?

King Rat: I have come to tell you that you may marry my daughter, the beautiful Rat Princess, because you are the most powerful person in the world, and no one else is good enough for her.

Stone Wall: You are very kind, little brother. But I am not the most powerful person in the world. The Gray Rat is more powerful than I. He gnaws and gnaws under me till I fall. Go to Gray Rat, little brother.

King Rat: Can it be that Gray Rat is the most powerful person in the world? I must go to see him at once.

The House of the Gray Rat.

King Rat: Gray Rat, are you at home? I have come to see you.

Gray Rat: What do you want, my King?

King Rat: I have come to tell you that you may marry my daughter, because you are the most powerful person in the world.

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Gray Rat: You have traveled far, Oh, King, so your news must be true. Will you tell me how you learned it?

King Rat: Yes, I will tell you.

The Cloud hides the Sun.
The Wind blows the Cloud.
The Stone Wall stops the Wind.
And you make the Stone Wall fall.

So you are the most powerful person in the world.

Gray Rat: My King, you are wiser than you were when you went to see the Sun. But I must tell you that there is something in the world more powerful than I.

King Rat: What is it?

Gray Rat: It is Love, my love for the Princess. It is more powerful than the Sun, or the Cloud, or the Wind, or the Stone Wall. It is the most powerful thing in the world.

King Rat: Then you shall marry the Princess, for only love is good enough for my beautiful daughter.

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LITTLE BOY BLUE.

PART I.

Little Boy Blue: Good morning, Farmer Brown.

Farmer Brown: Good morning, little boy.

Little Boy Blue: Do you want a boy to help on your farm?

Farmer Brown: Well, yes, I should like a good, bright boy to look after my sheep and my cows.

Little Boy Blue: Oh, I could do that.

Farmer Brown: Are you sure you could keep the cows from the corn and the sheep from the meadow?

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Little Boy Blue: Yes, indeed! But why don't you want the sheep to go into the meadow?

Farmer Brown: I am letting the grass in the meadow grow high. Soon we will cut it for hay.

Little Boy Blue: Oh, I see. And I know why you don't want the cows to go into the corn. Well, I'll keep them out.

Farmer Brown: What is your name, little boy?

Little Boy Blue: My name is Charlie, but every one calls me Little Boy Blue.

Farmer Brown: Why?

Little Boy Blue: Can't you see? Because I dress in blue.

Farmer Brown: Yes, and your eyes are blue, too.

Little Boy Blue: Yes, and I have a pretty blue horn.

Farmer Brown: Well, Little Boy Blue, I am going to town. You may stay and look after the sheep and cows. Don't let the cows get into the corn, and do keep the sheep out of the meadow.

Little Boy Blue: I will do just what you say, Farmer Brown. If they try to run into the meadow or the corn I will blow my horn.

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Farmer Brown: Now, don't go to sleep, little boy.

Little Boy Blue: Go to sleep! I never sleep in the day time.

Farmer Brown: I hope you won't. Good-bye.

Little Boy Blue: Good-bye, Farmer Brown.

Part II.

Farmer Brown: There are the sheep in the meadow! And the cows are in the corn! Where is Little Boy Blue?

Little Boy Blue, come blow your horn;
The sheep are in the meadow, the cows are in the corn.
Where is the little boy who looks after the sheep?

Little Tommy Tucker: He is under the hay-cock, fast asleep.

Farmer Brown: Will you wake him?

Little Tommy Tucker: No, not I, for if I did, he'd be sure to cry.

Farmer Brown: Then I must wake him myself. *(Shakes Boy Blue and calls)* Little Boy Blue, wake up, wake up! Come blow your horn!

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Little Boy Blue: (Sleepily) What's the matter?

Farmer Brown: Matter? You've been asleep. See the sheep in the meadow and the cows in the corn. Blow your horn!

Little Boy Blue: Toot! Too-oot! Too-oo-oot!

Farmer Brown: Louder! Louder!

Little Boy Blue: Toot! Too-oot! TOO-OO-OOT!

Farmer Brown: There, they are beginning to run! Blow again, louder still!

Little Boy Blue: Toot! Too-oot! TOO-OO-OOT! TOO-OO-OO-OOT!



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PUSSY-CAT'S VISIT.



Mother: What is the matter, my child? Why are you crying?

Little Girl: Oh, mother! I have lost my pussy.

Mother: Have you called him?

Little Girl: Yes, mother. I called "Pussy! Pussy! Pussy!" just as loud as I could, and he did not come.

Mother: Have you looked all over the house for him?

Little Girl: Yes, mother, and I have been out in the yard, and down to the barn. I have looked for him everywhere. Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Oh, dear!

Mother: Oh, don't cry, my child; Pussy will come back again.

Little Girl: Oh, I do hope he will come back soon!

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Mother: Why, there he is now!

Little Girl: Where, where, mother?

Mother: He just came up the garden walk. He must be at the door now. Run and open it for him.

Little Girl: (Opening the door) Pussy-cat, Pussy-cat, where have you been?

Pussy-Cat: I have been to London to visit the queen.

Little Girl: Pussy-cat, Pussy-cat, what did you do there.

Pussy-Cat: I frightened a little mouse under her chair.

Little Girl: Did you catch the little mouse?

Pussy-Cat: No, he ran away. And where do you think he ran?

Mother: We can't guess. You must tell us.

Pussy-Cat: He ran right up a tall clock that stood in a corner of the room. And then—ha! ha! ha!—it makes me laugh just to think of it.

Little Girl: What makes you laugh. Tell us, Pussy.

Pussy-Cat: Well, just as he got near the top, the clock struck one. Ha! ha! ha!

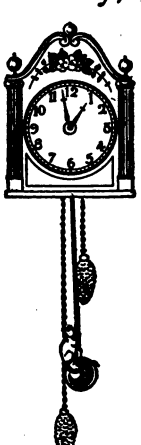
Mother: I don't see anything to laugh at. Clocks often strike one.

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Pussy-Cat: Oh, yes, I know. But you should have seen that little mouse. He was so frightened! Down the clock he ran as fast as he could come. He even forgot I was in the room. He ran so close to me I might have caught him, but I was laughing so that I could not move, and he ran away to his hole.

Little Girl: Oh, Pussy-cat, I know all about that little mouse. I read about him in my book. It says:

"Hickory, dickory, dock,
The mouse ran up the clock.
The clock struck one,
The mouse ran down,
Hickory, dickory, dock."



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MOTHER HUBBARD'S CUPBOARD PARTY.

Little Boy Blue: Oh, have you heard the news?

Miss Muffet: News! What news? Do tell us.

Boy Blue: "Old Mother Hubbard went to her cupboard

To get her poor dog a bone,
But when she got there the cupboard was bare,
And so the poor dog got none."

Little Tommy Tucker: Oh, the poor little dog!

Mary Contrary: Of course you think first of the dog, Tommy Tucker!

Boy Blue: Yes, whenever and wherever you meet a dog and say, "Bow-wow-wow, whose dog art thou?" he is sure to answer, "Little Tommy Tucker's dog, Bow-wow-wow."

Mary Contrary: I think first of poor old

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Mother Hubbard. We must do something to help her.

King: You are right, Mary Contrary. Let us each send something to help fill her cupboard.

All: Good! good!

King: I shall send a blackbird pie. You know the kind I mean, "four and twenty blackbirds baked in a pie."

Mary Contrary: Oh, yes, and "when the pie is opened the birds begin to sing."

King: Won't Mother Hubbard be surprised when she opens the pie and the birds begin to sing to her!

Queen: I shall send some tarts.

Tommy Tucker: I thought the knave of hearts stole all your tarts.

Queen: He did steal the tarts and ran away with them. But he was caught and brought them back.

Little Miss Muffet: I shall send Mother Hubbard a bowl of curds and whey. I know she will like that.

Jack Horner: And you will send the spider, too?

Simple Simon: What spider do you mean?

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Jack Horner: Oh, don't you know the spider that frightened Miss Muffet?

Simple Simon: No, tell me about it.

Jack Horner: "Little Miss Muffet sat on a tuffet

Eating her curds and whey.
There came a big spider
And sat down beside her
And frightened Miss Muffet away."

Little Miss Muffet: Well, I hope no horrid spider will frighten Mother Hubbard.

Little Bo-Peep: (Crying) Oh! oh! oh! I can't send anything. I've, I've . . . . .

Queen: What is the matter, Bo-Peep? Why do you cry?

Bo-Peep: Because I've lost my sheep, and I don't know where to find them.

All: "Leave them alone and they'll come home,
Wagging their tails behind them."

Bo-Peep: Well, if they do, I'll give Mother Hubbard enough wool to make her a new dress.

King: Here come Jack and Jill. What can they do for Mother Hubbard?

Miss Muffet: They can fetch a pail of water from Mother Hubbard's well.

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Jill: (Crying) No, we can't. We just went up the hill to get a pail of water. But "Jack fell down and broke his crown——"

Jack: "And Jill came tumbling after."

All: Poor Jack and Jill!

Jack Horner: What do you think I shall send? A Christmas pie—just full of big, fat plums!

Boy Blue: You send a Christmas pie! The last time you had a Christmas pie, you sat in the corner and ate every bit of it. You wouldn't give me so much as one little plum.

Miss Muffet: Yes, we all remember how

"Little Jack Horner sat in a corner,
Eating a Christmas pie,
He stuck in his thumb and pulled
out a plum
And said—"

All: "What a great boy am I."

Simple Simon: What will you send, Mary?

Mary: I? I have nothing to send.

Simple Simon: Oh, yes you have. Why don't you send your little lamb? Lamb is so good to eat.

Mary: What! Eat my little lamb! How can you say such a horrid thing? You know it is a pet lamb.

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Simple Simon: Well, I know what I shall send,—a nice slice of whale.

Mary: Whale! Where can you get whale?

Simple Simon: I will go fishing for it.

Mary: Just listen, everybody. He will go fishing! As if we didn't know that

"Simple Simon went a-fishing,
Tried to catch a whale;
But all the water he could get,
Was in his mother's pail."

Tommy Tucker: What will you send, Jack Sprat?

Jack Sprat: I can send nothing. You see, I eat all the lean meat and my wife eats all the fat, so we have nothing left for anyone.

Dame Trot: Yes, everyone knows that

"Jack Sprat can eat no fat,
His wife can eat no lean,
So 'twixt them both as you may see,
They lick the platter clean."

Pussy Cat: When I went to London to visit the queen, I frightened a little mouse under her chair. Now, who ever heard of a cupboard without a mouse in it? I will get that little mouse for Mother Hubbard's cupboard.

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Dame Trot: Then I will send my cat to catch the mouse.

Pussy Cat: No, you won't. If anyone is going to catch that mouse, I will do it myself.

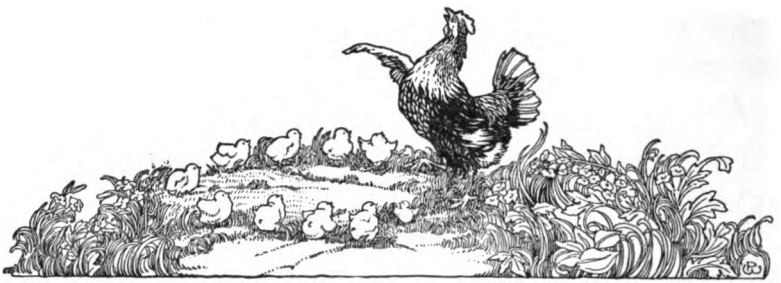
Queen: That is right, Pussy Cat. Catch your mouse and keep it, too. Mother Hubbard does not want it, and I do not want it under my chair.

King: I think we have enough good things to fill Mother Hubbard's cupboard. Let us call on her this evening and take our presents to her.

All: Good, good! We will all be there.



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HALF-CHICK.

Part I.—Leaving Home.

Mother Hen: Cluck! cluck! cluck! Come to me, my little chickens. Stand still while I count you. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine fine, fat chickens and a poor little one, just half as big as his brothers. You older chickens may go out into the world and seek your fortunes. But you—poor little Half-Chick—you must stay at home with your mother.

Half-Chick: Indeed I shall not stay at home. I am tired of this dull life. I am going to the palace to see the king.

Mother Hen: No, no, Half-Chick, stay at home. When you have grown bigger, I will take you to the palace to see the king.

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Half-Chick: (Tossing his head) No! I am going to-day. I am quite big enough to go alone. Good-bye.

PART II.—ON THE WAY.

Brook: Oh, Half-Chick, stop a minute. See these weeds; they are in my way. I cannot flow on. They are choking me! Please help me!

Half-Chick: (Tossing his head) Help you, indeed! Help yourself. I have no time to stop. I am going to the palace to see the king.

What's that over there in the woods? A fire! I wonder why it is burning so low?

Fire: Oh, Half-Chick, do help me! Throw some sticks on me or I shall die.

Half-Chick: (Tossing his head) Help yourself, I have no time to bother with you. I am going to the palace to see the king.

Why, there is Mr. Wind caught in the branches of that big tree! Ha! ha! ha!

Wind: Oh, Half-Chick, please fly up and help me. I cannot get out of these branches.

Half-Chick: (Tossing his head) Help you, indeed! Help yourself; I am going to the palace to see the king.

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Part III.—At the Palace.

Half-Chick: Here I am at the king's palace. I will wait at the door till the king comes out.

There is a man coming out now. Who can he be? Oh, horror, it is the cook!

Cook: Ha! Ha! Just what I want for the king's broth! Into the pot you go, little chick!

Half-Chick: Water, Water, please help me! Do not wet me so. I do not like it.

Water: Ah, foolish Half-Chick, you would not help me when I was a little brook in the meadow. Now, I cannot help you.

Half-Chick: Oh! oh! oh! I am burning! Fire, Fire, dear Fire, please help me! Do not burn so! You don't know how it hurts!

Fire: Alas, Half-Chick! When I was a little fire dying in the woods, you would not help me. Now I cannot help you.

Half-Chick: (faintly) I am almost dead.

Cook: (Looking into the pot) Dear me, this chicken is not fit to eat. It is burnt black. I will throw it out of the window. Just see how the wind blows it about!

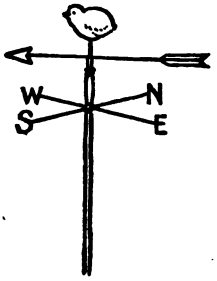
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Half-Chick: Wind! Wind! Stop a minute! Do not blow me about so! Let me rest or I shall die!

Wind: Ah, Half-Chick, when I was caught in the large tree in the woods, you would not help me. Now I cannot help you.

Half-Chick: Oh, Wind, strong Wind! Where are you carrying me?

Wind: I shall carry you to the tall steeple on yonder church. There you shall stand forever and forever and tell the people which way the wind blows.



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LADY-BIRD.

Child: Lady-bird, lady-bird, fly away home,
Your house is on fire, and your children will burn!

Lady-Bird: Little maid, little maid, fifty times o'er,
I've heard that same story so often before;
In fact, if it's true, there's not the least doubt
That my house is burnt down, or the fire is burnt out.

Child: Lady-bird, lady-bird, quick! fly away,
The news must be true, for I read it to-day.

Lady-Bird: Little maid, little maid, pardon, I pray,
I haven't much faith in what newspapers say;
Besides, I must tell you that lady-bird land
Is a very strange country you can't understand.

FRED E. WEATHERBY.

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THE PIGS AND THE GIANT.

PART I.—THE BARN-YARD.

Little Pig: I am hungry. There is not a thing to eat in this barn-yard.

Big Pig: I wish I had some nice acorns.

Biggest Pig: Then let us go to the woods. The finest acorns in the world grow there.

Rooster: You had better not go into those woods. A great, horrible giant lives there.

Old Hen: Yes, and if he gets you, he will eat you—body and bones.

Gray Goose: People that stay at home are always best off.

Biggest Pig: If we always stay at home, we shall never find any good acorns.

Big Pig: I say, let us go to the woods.

Little Pig: Yes, and I will go first.

PART II.—THE WOODS.

Little Pig: What big acorns! How many there are! I never ate such good acorns before.

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Giant: (Creeping up softly and catching Little Pig) Ha! ha! ha! Just what I want—a nice little fat pig for my dinner!

Little Pig: Oh, please Mr. Giant, don't eat me! I'm too little. Wait until my big brother comes along.

Giant: Well, if I can get a bigger pig, I would rather have him. So be off with you!

How that little pig ran from the woods! He will be safe in the barn-yard now.

Here comes another pig, and he is bigger than the first. I will creep softly through the woods and catch him.

Big Pig: I'm glad I came to the woods. I never ate such fine acorns. I don't believe any giant lives here. I have not seen him.

Giant: (Catching Big Pig) Ha! ha! ha! Just what I want—a nice fat pig for my dinner!

Big Pig: Oh, please Mr. Giant, dear Mr. Giant, let me go! I am too little for your dinner. Wait until my brother comes along. He is ever so much bigger than I.

Giant: Well, to be sure, if I can have a bigger pig, I would rather wait. So be off with you!

Away he goes! He runs faster than Little Pig.

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Ah, ha! I see a nice big pig coming this way. I must surely catch him.

Biggest Pig: These are certainly the best acorns I ever ate. I am so glad I came here. Who is afraid of the giant? Not I.

Giant: (Catching Biggest Pig) Ho! ho! ho! Just what I want—a big fat pig for my dinner!

Biggest Pig: Well, I suppose if you will eat me, there is no use in talking.

Giant: Eat you! Of course I'll eat you! Come with me.

Biggest Pig: Mr. Giant, have you an apple?

Giant: An apple! What would I do with an apple?

Biggest Pig: Who ever heard of a roast pig being sent to the table without an apple in its mouth?

Giant: That's so! But where can I get an apple?

Biggest Pig: I know where there is a tree just covered with big red apples.

Giant: Take me to it at once.

Biggest Pig: This way, then.

Giant: Aren't we almost there? I am so hungry!

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Biggest Pig: Just a little farther, Mr. Giant.

Giant: Why, here we are at the very edge of the forest. Where is that tree?

Biggest Pig: There it is. See, right over in that field.

Giant: But I can't leave the forest. You run and get an apple. And hurry back; I am starving!

Biggest Pig: Yes, Mr. Giant. Just wait here; I'll hurry.

Giant: Here, Pig, that isn't the way to the apple tree!

Biggest Pig: But it is the way to my home!







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THE MOUSE'S JOKE.

Gray Mouse: It is Christmas eve once more. The children are fast asleep in bed. Here are their stockings hanging by the fire-place for Santa Claus to fill. Listen! What is that I hear? Santa Claus on the roof! Here he comes down the chimney!

"Good-evening, Santa Claus. Merry Christmas."

Santa Claus: Merry Christmas, little mouse.

Gray Mouse: I thought you would not mind if I stayed awake to watch you fill the stockings.

Santa Claus: Very glad to have you, little mouse. Very glad, indeed.

Gray Mouse: The children wanted to stay awake, too.

Santa Claus: A good thing for them that they didn't. If they had, I should have whisked up the chimney again and left them nothing.

Gray Mouse: That is just what their mother said you would do.

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Santa Claus: Did they all go off to bed without teasing to stay up?

Gray Mouse: All but Jack. He yelled so loudly, you might have heard him at the North Pole.



Santa Claus: Too bad! too bad! I'm afraid I can't leave him this big red sled he wanted so much. I don't like cry babies.

Gray Mouse: Dear Santa Claus, please leave it for him. He is such a little boy! And he was so sleepy!

Santa Claus: Very well, I'll forgive him this time. Now I must get to work.

Gray Mouse: How fast you work, Santa Claus! You are just about done.

Santa Claus: There! I am all done. Those stockings won't hold another thing.

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Gray Mouse: If you please, Santa Claus, I could put in something else.

Santa Claus: Ha! ha! ha! So you think you can beat old Santa at packing stockings, do you? Well, go ahead! Let me see you put in one thing more.

Gray Mouse: (Creeping to the stocking) There! I have gnawed a hole in the toe of Jack's stocking. Now, Santa Claus, you know that hole was not in there before.

Santa Claus: Ha! ha! ha! Ho! ho! ho! What a joke! You are right, little mouse. You did put in one thing more. Here is a nice little Christmas cheese for your joke.

Gray Mouse: Thank you, Santa Claus. I am glad I waited up to see you.

Santa Claus: So am I, little mouse, and now good-bye. I must hurry and fill all the other stockings.

Gray Mouse: Shall I come with you and help you?

Santa Claus: No, no, I don't believe the children would quite like what you put in their stockings. Good-bye.

Gray Mouse: Good-bye, Santa Claus. A very merry Christmas to you.

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WHEN SANTA CLAUS COMES.

First Child:

Merrily, merrily, merrily oh!
The reindeer prance across the snow;
We hear their tinkling silver bells,
Whose merry music softly tells
Old Santa Claus is coming.

Second Child:

Merrily, merrily, merrily oh!
The evergreens in the woodland grow;
They rustle gently in the breeze;
Oh, don't you think the Christmas trees
Know Santa Claus is coming?



Third Child:

Merrily, merrily, merrily oh!
We've hung our stockings in a row,
Into our beds we'll softly creep,
Just shut our eyes and go to sleep
And wait—for Santa Claus is coming.



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THE TOWN MUSICIANS.

THE FOUR FRIENDS.

Donkey: Why do you lie there in the road, my friend? And why do you look so sorrowful?

Dog: Alas! I am growing old. Each day I grow weaker. I can work no longer and my master was going to kill me. So I ran away.

Donkey: That's my story, too. Every day for years I carried my master's corn-sacks to the mill. I have been a good servant and worked hard. But now that I am too old to work, my master doesn't want to keep me. So I, too, am running away.

Dog: Well, since we are both running away, can we not travel together?

Donkey: Agreed!

Dog: But how shall we earn our living?

Donkey: Why, you have a fine voice, and everyone knows what a sweet singer I am. Let

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us go to Bremen and be town musicians. We will make our fortunes.

Dog: That's the very thing! Let's go at once.

Donkey: See that cat sitting in the road. She has a face as sad as three rainy days.

Hello old cat! What's the matter with you?

Cat: Everything! Because I am growing old and can no longer catch mice, my mistress said she would drown me. So I ran away as fast as I could. But what shall I do now?

Donkey: Cheer up! You are no worse off than we are. I have heard you had a fine voice for night music. We are going to Bremen to be town musicians. Join us; we will all make our fortunes.

Cat: With all my heart!

Rooster: Cock-a-doodle-doo! Cock-a-doodle-doo!

Dog: See that rooster on the gate. And just hear him crow!

Donkey: Why are you screaming so? What in the world is the matter with you?

Rooster: Matter! Matter enough I can tell you. Visitors are coming and my mistress has told the cook to make soup of me to-morrow. So I am crowing now while I can. To-morrow,

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I shall be nothing but soup. Cock-a-doodle-doo! Cock-a-doodle-doo!

Donkey: Oh, do hush! Save your sweet voice. Come with us to Bremen. There we will make our fortunes as town musicians.

Rooster: Hurrah! No soup made of me.
Cock-a-doodle-doo forever!
Let's be off.

THE FOREST.

Donkey: We have walked far enough for one day. It is getting dark. Let us spend the night here. I will sleep under this large tree.

Dog: I will lie down beside you.

Cat: I will climb to one of the branches and sleep there.

Rooster: And I will fly to the top of the tree. There I shall feel safe.

(All asleep.)

Cock-a-doodle-doo! Cock-a-doodle-doo! Wake up! Wake up!

Donkey:
Dog: } What is the matter?
Cat:

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Rooster: I see a light. It is in a house quite near.

Donkey: Then let us go on. I may find some oats or hay there.

Dog: I may find a bone. I believe I smell it now!

Cat: A saucer of warm milk would taste good.

Rooster: I know I can find some corn.

Donkey: Here we are at the house. Keep quiet while I look through the window.

Cat: What do you see?

Donkey: Hush! There is a table just covered with good things to eat and drink.

Rooster: Let's go in.

Donkey: Hush! Wait! There are some robbers sitting around the table eating.

Dog: Can't we drive them away?

Rooster: Yes, yes. I know what to do. Donkey, stand under the window. Dog, climb on the donkey's back. Cat, climb up on the dog. I will fly to the cat's head. When I say "ready!" make all the noise you can. Then we will all jump through the window. "Ready!"

Donkey: Hee! Haw! Hee! Haw!

Dog: Bow-wow-wow! Bow-wow-wow!

Cat: Meow, meow, meow!

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Rooster: Cock-a-doodle-doo! Cock-a-doodle-doo!

Donkey: There! That worked. See them run!

Rooster: Sit down, my friends. Here's a feast. Eat all you wish.

Donkey: There, I have had all I want. I am sleepy. I'll find a bed in the yard.

Dog: I shall sleep behind the door.

Cat: I shall curl myself up by the warm ashes on the hearth.

Rooster: And I shall perch on the roof.

All: Good-night.

The Robbers.

Captain: I should like to know what dreadful creatures those were that drove us from our warm house into this cold forest.

First Robber: I never heard such a noise in my life!

Second Robber: Do you think they will stay there always?

First Robber: Look, look! The light is no longer burning. Perhaps they have left.

Captain: Perhaps we were too easily frightened. Maybe there is no danger. Who will go back and see how things are?

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Second Robber: I will, Captain.

Captain: All right! We will wait here for you. Hurry back as fast as you can.

. . . . . .

Captain: Back already? What news?

Second Robber: Oh, Captain, such a fright! It's worse than we ever dreamed. When I got to the house all was quiet. I looked through the window and saw no one. So I went in. Near the fire is a horrible old witch. She flew at me and scratched my face with her long nails. By the door is a man with a long knife. He stabbed me in the leg. A great black giant is in the yard. He struck me with a big club. On the roof is another terrible creature. He called out, "Bring-the-rogue-to-me." When I heard this, I ran away as fast as I could.

Captain: Let us get away from here. The rogues may follow us and kill us. Come, hurry! We will go to another country. We will never go back to that house again.

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THE SEASONS.

First Child:

What does it mean when the blue bird comes
And builds its nest, singing sweet and clear?
When violets peep through the blades of grass?



Second Child:

These are the signs that spring is here.



Third Child:

What does it mean when the berries are ripe?
When butterflies flit and honeybees hum?
When cattle stand under the shady trees?



Second Child:

These are the signs that summer has come.

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Fourth Child:

What does it mean when the crickets chirp?
And away to the south the robins steer?
When apples are falling and leaves grow brown?

Second Child:



These are the signs that autumn is here.

Fifth Child:

What does it mean when the days are short?
When leaves are gone and brooks are dumb?
When fields are white with drifted snow?

Second Child:

These are the signs that winter has come.

All:

The old stars set and the new ones rise,
The skies that were stormy grow bright and clear;
And so the beautiful, wonderful signs
Go round and round through the changing year.

GEORGE COOPER.

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THE DISCONTENTED PINE TREE.

First Day.

Little Pine Tree: How I hate these old needles I have for leaves. I wish I had leaves of gold.

Wood Fairy: If you had gold leaves do you think you would be happy, little tree?

Little Pine Tree: Oh, yes, dear fairy. I know I should be ever so happy.

Wood Fairy: Then you may have your wish, little pine tree. Go to sleep. When you wake to-morrow, you will have leaves of gold. Good-night.

Little Pine Tree: Thank you, kind fairy. Good-night.

Second Day.

Little Pine Tree: It is morning. Oh, see my beautiful golden leaves! How bright they are in the sunshine! Now I have the finest leaves in the forest.

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Robber: I wonder what makes that little tree shine so! Why, the leaves are pure gold! How lucky I am! I will carry them all away!

Little Pine Tree: Please, please do not take my beautiful golden leaves.

Robber: Indeed I shall. Of what use are golden leaves to a tree? Now, I have gathered every one and I shall be rich for the rest of my life.

Little Pine Tree: Ah, me! Ah, me! I have lost my beautiful golden leaves! What shall I do!

Old Tree: You should be content with your own leaves. You never hear me grumbling about my leaves, do you?

Little Pine Tree: No, but I want to be more beautiful than any other tree in the forest. Here comes the wood fairy. She may help me.

Wood Fairy: Where are the beautiful golden leaves I gave you?

Little Pine Tree: Alas! A wicked robber carried them all away. Now I have no leaves. What shall I do?

Wood Fairy: I will give you more leaves. Would you like to have your needles back?

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Little Pine Tree: Oh, no, dear fairy. I want more beautiful leaves,—leaves that can be seen a long way off. I think I should like leaves of glass to sparkle in the sunlight.

Wood Fairy: You may have your wish. To-morrow morning when you wake, you will be covered with sparkling glass leaves. Good-bye.

Little Pine Tree: Good-bye, kind fairy.

Old Tree: Do you think you will be happy with leaves of glass?

Little Pine Tree: I know I shall be happy.

Old Tree: No, you will not. You will never be happy or content with any leaves but your own.

Little Pine Tree: How foolish you are, old tree! Wait until to-morrow morning and you will see how happy I shall be.

Third Day.

Little Pine Tree: Wake up, old tree! See my beautiful glass leaves! How they sparkle in the sunlight!

Old Tree: They are indeed beautiful, but I like my own green leaves best.

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Little Pine Tree: No robbers will steal these leaves. I shall always be beautiful.

Old Tree: The wind is beginning to blow. I feel it in my highest branches. My leaves are all trembling.

Little Pine Tree: I feel it, also. How my glass leaves sway in the wind!

Old Tree: The wind is growing stronger. It bends my largest branches.

Little Pine Tree: Crash! Crash! Crash! Oh, my beautiful leaves! The cruel wind has broken every one. Oh, dear! Oh, dear! What shall I do!

Old Tree: I see the wood fairy coming this way. You had better ask her to give you back your needles.

Wood Fairy: Where are your glass leaves, little tree?

Little Pine Tree: The cruel wind has broken every one. Dear fairy, please give me some new leaves.

Wood Fairy: Do you want your old needles again?

Little Pine Tree: On, no. I wish I had nice broad leaves like the other trees.

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Wood Fairy: If you had leaves like the other trees do you think you would be content?

Little Pine Tree: Yes, kind fairy. I should be content and happy.

Wood Fairy: Then you may have your wish. Go to sleep. To-morrow you will find yourself covered with leaves like those on the other trees.

Fourth Day.

Little Pine Tree: It is morning once more. Oh, see my beautiful green leaves! How bright and soft they are! I am so happy! Now my leaves are as fine as any in the forest.

Old Tree: See that big goat coming into the forest.

Little Pine Tree: He is coming straight toward me. I wonder what he wants!

Old Tree: I think he wants your leaves.

Little Pine Tree: Wants my leaves! I suppose you mean they are so beautiful he wants to come and look at them.

Old Tree: I am afraid he wants to eat them.

Little Pine Tree: Eat my beautiful leaves!

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How can you say anything so cruel! What do you want, Mr. Goat.

Mr. Goat: I want your nice, soft, green leaves for my dinner.

Little Pine Tree: Oh, Mr. Goat! Dear Mr. Goat! Please don't eat my beautiful leaves.

Mr. Goat: Why, don't you know leaves were made for goats to eat?

There! I have eaten every one, and a very nice dinner they made.

Little Pine Tree: Wood fairy! Wood fairy! Come to me, quickly, I pray you!

Wood Fairy: What is the matter, little tree?

Little Pine Tree: Can't you see? I have lost my big green leaves. Please, kind fairy, give me some more leaves and I shall never be unhappy or discontented again.

Wood Fairy: Shall I give you leaves of gold?

Little Pine Tree: For robbers to carry away? No, indeed, kind fairy.

Wood Fairy: Shall I give you leaves of glass?

Little Pine Tree: For the wind to break? No, I thank you, dear fairy.

Wood Fairy: Shall I give you large, green leaves?

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Little Pine Tree: For goats to eat? No, no, no!

Wood Fairy: Then what kind of leaves do you want?

Little Pine Tree: There is only one kind that can make me happy. Give me my own dear needles again and I shall be the most contented tree in the forest.

Wood Fairy: I am glad to give you your needles again, little tree. You are right. You can never be happy with any leaves but your own. Tomorrow you will wake up covered with your own beautiful needles. Good-bye.



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IN THE SPRINGTIME.

Child:

The lilacs are in bloom,
  The cherry flowers are white;
I hear a sound below me,
  A twitter of delight,—
It is my friend the swallow
  Once more come back alive.
I'm very glad to see you!
  Pray when did you arrive?



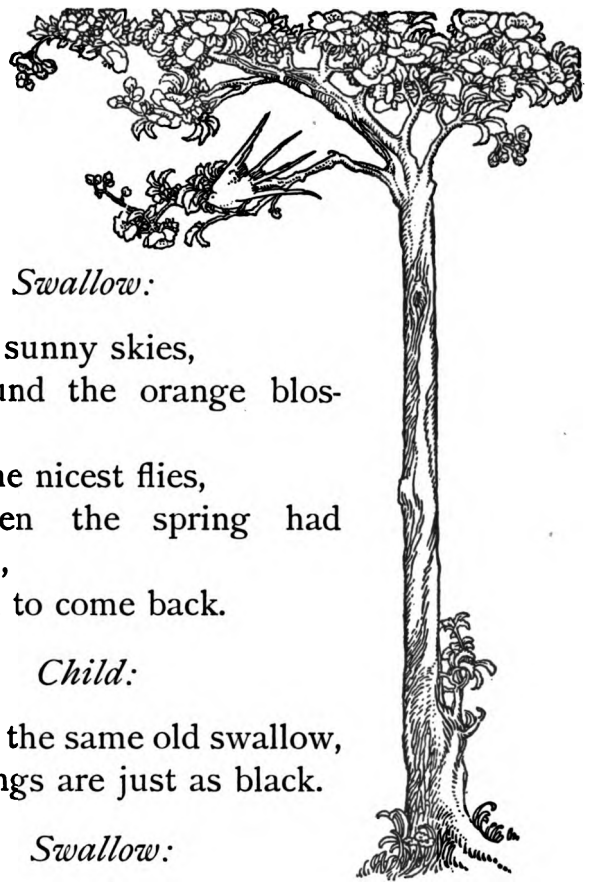
Swallow:

And I'm so glad to be here:
  I only came to-day;
I was this very morning,
  A hundred miles away.

Child:

The South—how did you like it?

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Swallow:

I liked the sunny skies,
And 'round the orange blossoms,
I caught the nicest flies,
But when the spring had opened,
I wanted to come back.

Child:

You're just the same old swallow,
Your wings are just as black.

Swallow:

I always wear dark colors;
I'm ever on the wing;
A sober suit for traveling
For me 's the proper thing.

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Child:

Your little last year nestlings,—
Do tell me how they grow?

Swallow:

My young ones are big swallows,
And mated long ago.

Child:

And shall you build this summer
Among the flowers and leaves?

Swallow:

No, I have taken lodgings
Beneath the cottage eaves.
You'll hear, each night and morning,
My twitter in the sky.

Child:

That sound is always welcome;
And now, good-by.

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SUGGESTIONS FOR DRAMATIZATION OF STORIES.

THE following suggestions are by no means complete directions for the dramatization of the stories. The entirely obvious actions and arrangements are not usually mentioned.

BILLY BOB-TAIL.

(Page 3.)

Five children—the cat, the dog, the cow, the goat and the pig—are placed at intervals around the school-room. A sixth child, personating the savage animal by growling, is hidden back of a chair or under a table. Billy Bob-tail, on his way to seek his fortune, meets the five animals in turn, converses with them, and is followed by them. After the savage animal has been frightened away, Billy Bob-tail and his friends hurry through the woods till they come to a little white house in a clearing. The cloak-room may be the house.

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When Billy Bob-tail decides to live in the little house always, he opens the door and allows the animals to pass in before him. If possible, have the children return to the class-room through another door.

What Was in Mrs. White Hen's Nest.

(Page 13.)

Mrs. White Hen's nest may be any corner in the room. Mrs. Brown Duck and Mrs. Gray Goose have their homes at some distance apart—say in two other corners. Mr. Wise Owl should be hidden back of a door or screen—his hollow tree—in another part of the room. After the children are in their places, Mrs. White Hen, sitting on the floor in her corner begins the story. When she says, "I will go into the barnyard and get something to eat," she leaves her nest and pretends to eat and drink. While she is so engaged, another child—the white kitty—creeps quietly into Mrs. White Hen's nest. The story tells of Mrs. White Hen's surprise and her visits to Mrs. Brown Duck, Mrs. Gray Goose and Mr. Wise Owl. While walking around the room the chil-

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dren should imitate the gait of each animal represented. Note that while Mrs. Brown Duck and Mrs. Gray Goose say, "Good-morning, Mrs. White Hen," Mrs. White Hen is too excited to return the greeting but plunges at once into her story. When Mr. Wise Owl comes out, he winks and blinks just as if the sun did hurt his eyes. When he says, "Let me think," he closes his eyes and holds his head to one side as if engaged in profound thought. At the end, Mr. Wise Owl shakes his head and repeats very slowly and solemnly

"Only a kitty,
What a pity!"

When the Sun Rises.

(Page 25.)

In dramatizing this story, the sun is represented by a child who rises, at the proper time, slowly, slowly, peeping over a desk or table. The sun may wear a mask consisting of a yellow disc with rays. While the mask is not necessary, it is effective and is appreciated by the children—especially by the boy who wears it.

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The Goats in the Turnip Field.

(Page 29.)

Choose three frisky goats. The little boy chases them around the room—the turnip field—once. He cannot get them out, so he sits on the fence—a long bench or a row of chairs—and begins to cry. Let him make believe really to cry. The rabbit, the fox and the wolf each offers to drive the goats from the turnip field; each tries and fails and in turn takes his place on the fence and cries. The play is most effective when the children represent by their voices the different animals. The rabbit talks in a little, clear voice and cries softly; the fox has a louder voice and cries louder; the wolf has a very loud voice and cries loudest of all. When the boy, the rabbit, the fox and the wolf say, "Ha! ha! ha! You get them out! etc.," they stand, point at the little bee, laugh and express as much scorn as possible. (Don't be afraid here or elsewhere to give the pupils perfect models of expression to copy.) The boy, rabbit, fox and wolf stand and watch the little bee. She flies to the three goats, who stand still for they do not hear her coming. First she touches

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—stings—one and says, "Buzz!" and he runs from the field, then the second and the third.

The North Wind at Play.

(Page 33.)

In each case when North Wind says, "Take that then!" he blows and at the same time shakes the lily, the apple tree and the grain. For variety sometimes a row of children may represent the grain, then one child does the talking, but when the wind blows, they all sway together and finally all fall together.

The Marriage of Wee Robin.

(Page 39.)

When Gray Pussy, Greedy Hawk and Sly Fox call to Wee Robin, they should beckon to him and indicate by some action what they will show him, as Pussy shows the place of the red ribbon around her neck; Greedy Hawk shows the white feather on the left arm—wing; Sly Fox shows the size of the white spot by forming a circle with forefingers and thumbs.

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How Olaf Got a New Coat.

(Page 43.)

Let each child represent his part by appropriate actions. The child's fingers may be the thorns on the rose bush, with which the wool is carded. The spider makes the motions of weaving, the crab of cutting, the bird of sewing.

Johnny Cake.

(Page 46.)

The space under the teacher's desk makes a fine oven. Johnny Cake's pursuers in turn chase Johnny Cake once around the room, then sit down along the wall—the roadside—breathing heavily as though tired out. Let them represent by their voices the different animals as in "The Goats in the Turnip Field." The Fox pretends he is half asleep and very old and feeble, thus inducing Johnny Cake to come near to him that he may catch him easily. So he speaks very slowly, sleepily, feebly. Each time Johnny Cake brags of the people he has outrun, he steps nearer to the fox. The last time he is close to him and fairly shouts. The action of the fox at the end in seizing Johnny

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Cake must be very swift. The fox's voice expresses the change which has come over him. He is no longer sleepy, feeble and deaf, but wide awake, strong and alert.

Little Boy Blue.

(Page 60.)

Select some children for sheep and some for cows.

At the end of Part I, Boy Blue lies down under the haystack—table or desk—and falls fast asleep. The sheep run into the meadow—any part of the room so designated—and the cows into the corn. When farmer Brown returns from town, he discovers them and calls Little Boy Blue. When Boy Blue awakes, he blows his horn once and the sheep and cows stop eating, lift their heads and look at him; he blows again and some of them start to run; at the third long, loud blast, they all run quickly from the corn and the meadow.

Half Chick.

(Page 74.)

As Half Chick has only one leg, he cannot walk, but goes hoppity-skip, hoppity-skip along

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the road. The cook places Half Chick between two chairs, in a corner, or under a small table—the pot. The children who were the brook and the fire, sit close to him. When the cook throws him out, the wind catches him by the arm and runs with him around the room. Finally the wind takes him, by means of a bench or chair, to the top of a desk or table, and Half Chick stands for an instant on one leg in the attitude of a cock weather-vane.

The Town Musicians.

(Page 88.)

THE FOREST.

PART II.

A chair may be the tree in the forest. The donkey and the dog go to rest on the floor, the cat on the chair, and the rooster stands back of the cat.

A group of boys—the robbers—sit on the floor in a circle pretending to eat and drink. In front of them is placed a chair—the window—through the back of which the donkey peeps in on the robbers.

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Instead of climbing on one another's backs when they frighten the robbers, the boy who is the dog, places his hands on the donkey's shoulders, the cat does the same to the dog, and the cock to the cat.

THE ROBBERS.

PART III.

In dramatizing the story, the second robber goes into the house, the cat springs at him and pretends to scratch his face, the dog pretends to bite him, the donkey to kick him, and the rooster on the roof—a chair—calls, "Cock-a-doodle-doo!" Thus the children are able to interpret correctly the story the robber tells his chief on his return from the visit to the house, especially if the robber gives the same inflection to the words, "Bring-the-rogue-to-me!" that the rooster does to "Cock-a-doodle-doo."

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